

# MCGILL FORTNIGHTLY

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## McGill Fortnightly.

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## EDITORIAL COMMENTS.

### THE UNIVERSITY CLUB.

It was with pleasure that we gave space in last issue to a short article, setting forth a few facts with regard to the new club. Since then the matter has been taken up by the students, and at a mass meeting held on the 9th instant in the Molson Hall, a committee was appointed to draw up and submit a constitution and take the other necessary steps. The constitution when approved, and such other matters relating thereto as may be of interest, will be duly published in the FORTNIGHTLY. The students in the junior years have reason to congratulate themselves on the establishment at last on a permanent footing of a McGill club. They cannot expect all the advantages of a strong and long established institution at present—at least not this year; but from the beginning of next year, they may fairly count on all those physical comforts, and those other higher enjoyments of inter-faculty intercourse which the club is specially designed to furnish and foster. The Final Year men who will shortly be leav-

ing the University, and who have from the first taken a deep interest in this institution, and done what they could to promote it, will have the satisfaction at least of seeing the club established and on a sound footing, to grow and increase in influence, it is to be hoped, with the University. It will, no doubt, be a satisfaction to students hereafter, to recall the fact that they had a hand in the establishment of the McGill University Club.

So far, the University Club has been well patronized by the students. The dining hall appointments have been pronounced by one and all as entirely satisfactory. There can be no doubt that the club will, even for the remainder of the term, receive that patronage and consideration which it deserves.

### THE UNIVERSITY DINNER.

The University Dinner, which has been more or less on the *tapis* since the beginning of the session, is, to be held on Friday, the 24th instant, in the Windsor Hall, and promises to be one of the most important social functions of recent years held in connection with the University. Several interesting features will conspire to make it a most attractive gathering. The presence of Dr. Peterson and of many distinguished men in the educational world and in the public life of both Canada and the United States will go far to make the meeting a memorable one. A pleasing feature will be the presence of ladies. If the Committee relent towards the undergraduate body, and permit them to wear gowns, a much larger number will likely attend. It is to be hoped the undergraduates will attend in large numbers. An opportunity to hear and see so many distinguished men may not again present itself. The committee have done all in their power to meet the undergraduates and to remove or minimize the difficulties in the way of their taking part in a full body. These efforts will be appreciated and taken advantage of no doubt. Let the University Dinner of 1896 mark an epoch in the history of McGill Dinners.

### A FLOURISHING SOCIETY.

The McGill Graduates Society of Montreal is deserving of the greatest praise for the commendable energy it has lately displayed in the interest of *Alma*



*Mater*. In throwing out the suggestion to McGill Graduates in distant parts, that the formation of McGill Graduates Societies was very desirable, and in lending its friendly aid thereto, it has succeeded, most assuredly, in awakening a deeper interest in McGill University among old graduates than has hitherto existed. As a result of this late appeal on the part of the Montreal Society, we have, besides the Graduates Societies in Montreal and Ottawa long established, others recently formed in Chicago, Boston, New York, Toronto and British Columbia, and still others in the way of formation in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and elsewhere. Many of these societies will, no doubt, soon be in a position to do the pioneering work Montreal society has lately undertaken, and thus multiply their useful influence in behalf of McGill.

When a Graduates Society has been formed, or rather when steps are being taken towards its formation, the question may occur: what is the main object of the Society? Through what channels and by what means may the objects of the Society best be advanced? How may it make its influence for good in behalf of McGill best felt? Feeling that a few useful hints might be thrown out on these and kindred matters, the Editors have pleasure in announcing that a special article is being prepared for publication in the FORTNIGHTLY, in which some suggestions will be made on the lines indicated. That the Graduates Societies may be successful and useful to *Alma Mater* is the wish of all. They should abound all over the continent wherever McGill men may be found. The FORTNIGHTLY seizes this opportunity of conveying to all the new born societies the heartiest felicitations and good will of the undergraduates of McGill.

## CONTRIBUTIONS.

### ALFRED AUSTIN, POET LAUREATE.

On the last day of 1895, Queen Victoria appointed Alfred Austin, Poet Laureate. The office had been vacant since the death of Lord Tennyson, on October 6th, 1892.

Alfred Austin is a poet, critic, novelist and journalist. He was born May 30th, 1835. Both his parents being Roman Catholics, he was sent to Stonyhurst College, and afterwards to St. Mary's College, Oscott. He took his degree at the University of London in 1853, and in 1857 he was called to the bar of the Inner Temple.

The publication, although anonymously, of a poem entitled "Randolph," when he was 18, showed the

bent of his disposition. On the death of his father, in 1861, he went to Italy. His first acknowledged volume of verse, "The Season," a Satire, appeared in 1861. A revised edition appeared in 1869. His other poetical productions are: "The Human Tragedy" (1862), republished in an amended form in 1876, and again revised in 1889:

- "The Golden Age; a Satire," 1871.
- "Interludes," 1872.
- "Rome or Death," 1873.
- "Madonna's Child," 1873.
- "The Tower of Babel," a Drama, 1874.
- "Leszko, the Bastard," a tale of Polish grief, 1877.
- "Savonarola," a Tragedy, 1881.
- "Soliloquies in Song."
- "At the Gate of the Convent."
- "Love's Widowhood, and other Poems."
- "Prince Lucifer."
- "English Lyrics."

All published between 1881 and 1890. He has published three novels:—

- "Five Years of It," 1858.
- "An Artist's Proof," 1864.
- "Won by a Head," 1866.

Also, "The Poetry of the Period," reprinted from *Temple Bar* 1870; and a "Vindication of Lord Byron," 1869.

He has also written much for *The Standard* and the *Quarterly Review*. During the sittings of the Ecumenical Council of the Vatican, he represented *The Standard* at Rome, and he was special correspondent of that journal at the headquarters of the King of Prussia during the Franco-German war. In 1883, in conjunction with W. J. Courthope, he founded the *National Review*, and continued to edit that periodical till the summer of 1893.

In 1892, Messrs. Macmillan issued a collected edition of his poems in six volumes, since which time they have published "Fortunatus, the Pessimist," and "England's Darling," and other Poems, and a prose work entitled: "The Garden that I Love."

During the past year they have issued the poet's latest work, "In Veronica's Garden," which has already reached a third edition.

If he has not yet produced a great poem, he has written a great deal of very pretty poetry. In his pictures of scenes and places he is often very happy. He possesses a certain power of expression, and when he condescends to write naturally and with good humor, he can produce some very readable couplets. *The Spectator* says: "Mr. Austin is the laureate of gardens; he is, as Addison says, in love with a country life, where nature appears in the greatest perfection, and furnishes all those scenes that are most apt to delight the imagination." Of his "Savonarola," *The Athenæum* said: "This tragedy is neither better nor worse than various other attempts at his-



torical drama in verse, which have been made of late years."

Speaking of his appointment as poet-laureate, Edmund Stedman said: "His more ambitious efforts do not impress me, though they are the work of a well-equipped and able man. But his later volumes do contain some charming songs and lyrics. I am glad that a fairly respectable appointment has been made, rather than that the office should be allowed to expire altogether. The appointment shows an official respect for English traditions and her ivied institutions, especially those which tend to encourage a taste for poetry and learning."

Stedman closes his comment on the appointment by saying, "perhaps the touch of the laurel may inspire him;" but we have read within the last few days with literal amazement some doggerel stanzas by the new Poet Laureate on "Jameson's Ride," which fall beneath the level of ordinary rhymes in a country weekly newspaper. The poem is in outrageous taste from a public point of view, but even that is less notable than its grotesque literary demerits. Poets cannot be made by Acts of Parliament. "*Poeta nascitur non fit.*"

I would prefer, however, to take leave of our laureate in a pleasanter mood, and therefore select from his latest book "In Veronica's Garden," the following estimate of the equipment necessary for a poet:

"A writer cannot take his occupation too seriously. \* \* \* \* I will say there is no such thing as a Poet, but only a person who, in a certain condition of mind, writes what is called poetry, and who can no more write it, when he is not in that condition, than the most prosaic of his neighbors. The most important thing in life is to be a man; the next most important, I suppose, to be a gentleman. After that, one may be anything under the sun, only one must not vociferate its praises from the house-top, because it happens to be one's own vocation." \* \* \* Will you bear with me while I try to tell you what I think with more accuracy, in verse:—

"Were I a Poet, I would dwell,  
Not upon lonely height,  
Nor cloistered in disdainful cell  
From human sound and sight.  
I would live nestled near my kind,  
Deep in a garden garth,  
That they who loved my verse might find  
A pathway to my hearth.

"I would not sing of sceptred kings,  
The tyrant and his thrall,  
But every day pathetic things  
That happen to us all:  
The love that lasts through joy, through grief,  
The faith that never wanes,  
And every wilding bird and leaf  
That gladdens English lanes.

"Nor would I shape for Fame my lay,  
But only for the sake  
Of singing, and to charm away  
My own or other's ache;  
To close the wound, to soothe the smart,  
To heal the feud of years,  
And move the misbelieving heart  
To tenderness and tears.

"And when to me should come the night,  
And I could sing no more;  
And faithful lips could but recite  
What I had sung before,  
I would not have a pompous strain  
Resound about my shroud,  
Nor sepulchre in sumptuous fane  
Near to the great and proud.

"But only they who loved me best  
Should bear me and my lyre,  
And lay us, with my kin, at rest  
Under the hamlet spire,  
Where everything around still breathes  
Of prayer that soothes and saves,  
And widowed hands bear cottage wreaths  
To unforgotten graves.

"And they might raise another cross  
Within that hallowed ground,  
And tend the flowers, and trim the moss  
Above my grassy mound;  
But, honoring me, would carve above  
No impious boast of Fame,  
And not for Glory, but for Love,  
Would keep alive my name."

Stanzas like these have a truer ring, and serve to show better the "certain condition of mind" necessary for writing poetry, than any number of verses made to order.

H. M.

### "OLE LIJE."

Robert did not want to go in the least. All his patriotism rebelled at leaving his country in her hour of need, all his manhood, at what he called running away. In spite of his studious habits he longed to join the other boys at the camp, and do his utmost for the Confederacy. But the others said: What could a lame, delicate boy do? The war would soon be over, and it was a shame that his studies should be neglected; Germany was the place for him. And so with regret he went. He took with him old Lije, Liza's husband, who had tended him ever since he left Liza's motherly arms. When the old coach came to the door and the last good-byes had been said, Eliza came forward, and taking his hand said: "Marse Bob, honey, Ise mighty glad you'se gwine. Dem Yanks won't be a shootin and a stabbin of you. You'll come back knowin' a heap 'bout dose Greek fellahs you was tellin' me 'bout, but I knows you won't fo'get yo' old mammy." Sorrowful himself he left a sorrowing group on the broad old porch. The master, his mother and sisters watched him turn into the drive and down the hill, where he was soon lost among the pines. They watched him cross the ford at the foot of the hill, and followed the coach up the long linden avenue to the high road. They thought of the other boys who had rode off so gaily with clattering sabres a few



weeks ago. Who would return, and when? From their vantage ground on the swelling base of the mountain they could look across the fertile valley with its hedge-divided fields, so soon to be dotted with the tents of a hostile army, to the village half-hidden by the trees; and away on the opposite rise they could see the University dome glistening in the morning sun. A few weeks before they had been a happy, undivided family, the boys at college, and the girls at school; then came the wranglings in Congress, Carolina seceded, Virginia followed suit, and war was declared. His brothers joined the Confederate army, but he, lame from infancy, was on his way to Germany, to prosecute the studies in which he had already shown such aptitude.

The months passed, and the war assumed a very serious aspect. The chivalry of the South could not contend with the superior numbers of the North. Slaves taking advantage of the unsettled state of the country ran off with horses and valuables, only a few faithful ones remained around the old homestead. Sherman's army encamped in the peaceful valley and turned it into a wilderness. The Southern homes were the booty of the Northern marauders. At last the end came. But cessation of hostilities brought no peace. Four long years of anarchy and robbery had left the families paupers and the plantations a desolation. All this time letters from Robert had been as regular as blockades would permit. He spoke of his work some, but more of his country's struggle. After three years his letters ceased. At first they thought it was only that the blockade was stricter. But when peace came and still no news, alarm took the place of anxiety. Friends were written to, and after some delay it was learned that, unable to endure the thought of his father's hardships and his brothers' wounds, he had left, the year before, with Lije. It was unknown by what vessel he had gone, for he crossed to England with the intention of trying to run the blockade from the Bermudas.

Two long years passed without word. One hazy autumn afternoon, the master was riding slowly up the avenue, when he noticed a bent figure stumbling along in front of him. There was something familiar about it that made his pulse quicken. Just then the man turned, and in spite of the white hair and deeply furrowed face he recognized "Lije."

"My God, boy, where is your master?" But before the answer came the old slave gave a cry of mingled despair and joy, and fell unconscious. He was taken to the house, and everything done to restore him. The doctor said his fainting was due to utter exhaustion. Through what hardships had he passed to become so prematurely old? and where was Marse

Bob? were the vain questions that puzzled the anxious minds around him. His lethargic state gave way to delirium, in which his continual cry was: "Yes, Marse Bob, Ise gwine! Ise gwine, sah. Ole Lije wont fo'get.....Oh dey won' lemme go, Marse Bob, dey won' lemme go.....Oh Lordy, how's I gwine tell de Marster.....Marse Bob, don' yo' die, honey.....Dey's don' kill him. Dey's don'....."

The hope that had been cherished so long died at his words. The mother wept, the master groaned: "My burden is greater than I can bear." He had braved the opinion of his State by speaking long and earnestly against secession, he had opposed the arming of Virginia, and striven with all his might to maintain the Union. And his reward was the sacrifice of three sons to the greedy god of War.

How anxiously they waited for a sign of returning consciousness. It came. With a sigh Lije opened his eyes, and looked on the assembled family. A few feeble tears welled from his eyes as in broken and disconnected sentences he told his story. Marse Bob and he left Germany and started for home by way of England. They tried to run the blockade, but were seen, pursued and captured. Robert was tried by Court Martial, and condemned to be shot as a spy. His last words to old Lije were instructions to take the news home and break it gently to his father. In an attempt to resist his master's executioners, the slave received a blow from a musket that almost fractured his skull, and deprived him of memory and reason. He was taken to Washington, where he remained in prison until the end of the war, where still half imbecile he was removed to an asylum. There he remained nearly two years before his young master's dying message forced its way through the mists that clouded his brain and told him who he was. By an animal instinct of locality he wandered South, and at last reached home with his sad tale.

He finished with,—“Dere Ise don' it, Marse Bob; Ise don' tell'd all I knows.” A sigh, a quiver, and the faithful spirit had fled. He never knew he was free. The awful struggle that gave freedom to his race was to him an unholy strife that had deprived him of his young master. He was faithful to the end.

WYDOWN.

#### FROM MY STUDY WINDOWS.

A two-storied house set on the western slope of a breezy hill. On the south and east, a street. Beyond the eastern street a shoulder of the hill, open, crowned with a slender flagstaff. On the north, a narrow field crossed by diagonal paths; beyond



the field a few houses, sparsely scattered ; beyond the houses, fields, tree-studded and white with snow ; and again beyond, new fields, with more and more of trees, and less of snow, until their shouldering tops mingle and fill the valley with a tide of branches where it slips into the angles of the hills.

A room in the upper story, furnished in light woods, two-windowed, giving to south and north of west. Through the southern window, orchards and stone-fenced lawns, and the clustering roofs of the city. Through the north, the edge of a garden, half hid in the flank of the house, the snowy hill-side, crossed by the tracks of many feet, a red school-house beyond, a further slope, lines of fir-trees, the bars of a railway bed, and beyond that, mile after mile of valley land stretching away to the heights of Belmont and Lexington, which push their ragged edges against the glowing sky.

A cold pallor of snow lies upon the earth. The dark masses of the trees rest blackly against the white surface, from which their slender stems arise suddenly, grimly, unsoftened by shadow or herbage. Even in the groves the white beneath gleams through the branches, bluish and chill.

The hither bound of view is a window-ledge opposite my desk ; the farther, a low, irregular line of hills, which cuts the sky four miles away. Between me and its wooded crest lies the valley, sloping gently down from either side, and level from slope across to slope. A valley chequered into squares with little open fields, tree-bordered lawns, groves, and garden grounds. Everywhere the residences of men.

The sun has set within the half hour. The light, withdrawn from the levels and lower slopes of the hills, rests now with a faint flush upon a few summits to the north. From my window out to the horizon-line the full sweep of the valley is dark. In the middle distance a white trail of vapor hangs in the bright, frosty air, scarcely dispersed ere replaced by another from the fast succeeding trains. To the left a faint brown haze hangs over the city.

Above me a cloudless sky, full of sunset light. Towards the zenith a pale, pearly gray-blue, slowly giving place to an opalescent tint, where a clear, translucent green, measureless in depth and purity of tone, meets and mingles with the tender blue of the upper sky. Over this a slow suffusion of rose, spreading like a mantling blush till the whole western heaven is aglow. The flush grows deeper and deeper as the eye sinks towards the horizon, as if the blush had fled from the fair cheek of an English girl to the warm olive of an Italian face. At the horizon line a sudden crimson stains the edge of dusk.

In the dark valley below tremble a thousand lights,

like the shimmering of dewdrops in the breeze ; and from out its shadow springs the slender spire of the school-house on the hill-slope, cutting the pure rose of the sky with its black tapering lines. Above it, to the left, hangs a three-days moon, with the evening star close by its sickle, on the one that indescribable softness of silver light, in the other the exquisite liquid clearness of the dewdrop, which can be found only in the growing moon and the star of the west, when the flawless colors of a clear sunset follow the pure light of a cloudless day.

ROBERT MACDOUGALL.

### THE NEW YORK STUDENTS' CLUB.

New York has no Latin Quartier. Her students are scattered here and there throughout the city, and nowhere can one point to a certain district, and say, "our students live there." But this in a great measure will soon be changed. The University of New York, Columbia College, and the local institution of the College of the City of New York, are all about to move northward from their present sites. The enormous and continual increase in value of city property compel these large institutions to give way to commercial buildings.

The locality in which these new buildings are being erected lies north of One Hundred and Tenth street, with Fifth Avenue on the east and Amsterdam Avenue on the west. Already the different societies are purchasing land in the neighborhood, and many beautiful houses will soon be built for the wealthy fraternities. But the students of the three colleges mentioned do not aggregate five thousand, and as the Students' Club, to which I wish to draw the attention of the readers of the FORTNIGHTLY, caters for its membership to sixteen thousand students, its usefulness will not by any means pass away with the removal of the above named colleges.

The history of the Students' Club is certainly unique. As far back as the year 1867, I find that a Medical Students' Christian Union was formed by the Young Men's Christian Association of New York. The meetings of this branch were conducted in the building of the parent society, and, excepting in name, there was but little difference in the two bodies,—none certainly in their aims and methods. The result of the continual and conscientious labors of this first association appears truly wonderful, and the members of the present association are very fond of telling new-comers of the little acorn which was planted over a quarter of a century ago.

A second link in the chain was the Bible class commenced by Professor William H. Thomson,



which had an unprecedented career of twenty-two years. This class was attended exclusively by medical students, and it was not until 1887 that an idea was put forward to include all students of the great metropolis. However, a visit of Professor Henry Drummond of Edinburgh to New York settled matters. He addressed a large gathering of those then attending the various educational institutions in the city. Enthusiasm was aroused, as is always the case when Professor Drummond interests himself in any project, and the present successful and progressive society is a direct result.

The home of the Students' Club, which is owned by them without any encumbrance, is of New York State granite, five stories high, and is very comfortably furnished throughout. Reading rooms, library, music and lecture rooms are its chief features. Receptions are held once a week, at which refreshments are served by the patronesses of the club. The secretary is a graduate of Toronto University, and it is a granted maxim here that it takes the inventive genius of an American to organize anything, and the Canadian energy and perseverance to carry it out.

SHARON GRAHAM.

#### CAMPING OUT ON THE LOWER ST. LAWRENCE.

Our canoes were loaded, everything was in readiness, and, admired by a few small boys, a stray dog, and a "wharf rat," we stepped in, and were off. Allie C— and Billy M— composed the crew of the leading canoe, while Louis P— and myself furnished motive power for the second.

We soon left the Quebec wharves behind us, and passing swiftly by moored barges, with their red-shirted owners lazily perched on the stern rail, puffing contentedly at "habitant shag," by anchored ships of all classes, we were soon dancing merrily over the little waves of the harbor.

Behind us towered the massive promontory, crowned by citadel and battery, like some giant of old guarding a city of figures nestling at his feet. Resting on our paddles we looked with delight on the scene. In fancy, I saw the high-pooped ships of Jacques Cartier lying at anchor, the Indians decorated with paint and feathers darting hither and thither in their light "birch-barks," while on every side the virgin forest stretched down to the river's brink. How different the reality! The morning sun cast his golden light on roof and steeple, windows reflected his rays in flames of fire. The ripples in the harbor were tipped with silver and gold; clumsy barge or stately barque alike were decked out in gilded sails and shrouds.

At length Allie broke the spell. "Say, boys, Billy and I can lick you for half a mile." Hardly were the words uttered before we were after them.

Invigorated by the bracing air of morning, we bent to the paddle, and like things of life and light craft rushed through the water. Neck and neck we sped along, and not till we had fairly entered the North Channel did we let up, and, puffed out, declare the race a tie.

Looking about us, to our right lay the Island of Orleans, to our left the mainland, alternating patches of green and gold. Everywhere the white cottages of the "habitants" dotted the hillsides. Far ahead, like a column of snow against the green bluff, the Falls of Montmorency were in full view, while behind all, forming an ideal background, towered the blue Laurentians. It was a beautiful autumn day, typical Canadian scenery, and where can either be excelled?

In an hour we were at the falls, and landing made our way up to the foot. It was grand beyond description. With a headlong rush, churned up into yellow foam, and draped in clouds of spray, the mass of water leaped over a precipice of 250 feet. Half dizzy, awe-struck, but unexpressibly charmed, we stood in silence. Words at length came, our lips moved, but the roar of "the great waters" was in our ears and we heard not.

All morning we lingered in the vicinity of the falls, gathering souvenirs and drinking in the beauty of the scenery. At lunch time we dined amid the driving spray, the music of the waters vibrating around us, and a rainbow dancing overhead. Dinner over, we reluctantly turned our backs on Montmorency, embarked *en route* for Cap Rouge. The tide by this time was strongly against us. Work now; no play.

Steadily down the river we paddled, past wicker-work fisheries stretching far out into the water. Shortly we were opposite the village of Ste. Anne de Beaupré, where so many pilgrims annually come to be healed from all parts of America. Leaving it behind, we skirted an almost interminable marsh, where hundreds of noisy geese paddled about in the muddy water.

The sun was just vanishing behind the forest-clad mountains, as we rounded Cap Rouge, and entered a little bay. Shadows lurked amid the boulders as we skirted the shore. Nothing disturbed the silence save the rhythmical plash of our paddles, and the lap, lap, of the wavelets against the rocks.

On every side steep bluffs rose above us some 2,000 feet high, their sides thickly clad with a dense growth of pine, spruce and cedar, except where some boulder jutted out bare and grim in the fading light.

Just ahead of us, nestling against the mountain's breast, stood a small log shanty. Beside it a small



brook tumbled down the rocks, falling noisily into a shallow pool just at the door.

No sign of life. Everything deserted. So shipping our paddles, we drifted quietly up to a flat rock which served as a natural wharf.

While the boys hauled up the canoes, I climbed up the rocks to investigate. On trying the door, to my surprise it opened easily. "What a snap!" I exclaimed, and called the rest of the boys.

The camp was complete in everything dear to a camper's heart: cooking-stove, utensils of every kind, a table, half a dozen chairs, and two nice clean bunks filled with fresh straw. We hugged each other with joy, for we had expected to sleep amid the rocks.

The ownership of the place mattered but little, we were soon perfectly at home. A roaring fire of pine knots blazed in the old stove, a rasher of bacon sizzled in the frying-pan, and the tea-kettle swung in the back-ground.

Half an hour later, four self-satisfied looking fellows lay, pipe in mouth, around the camp, and, strange to relate, none were hungry. The room was blue with tobacco smoke. We were supremely happy.

It was hot, very hot, in the shanty, so we adjourned to the beach outside, and building a fire picked out a soft rock and sat down to enjoy our evening smoke.

Darkness, by this time, had chased the few remaining sunbeams over the hills behind us. Not the faintest breeze sighed amid the pines nor rippled the glassy surface of the St. Lawrence. The lofty bluffs, Cap Rouge and Cap Burnt, awe-inspiring in their mighty stillness, stood like sentinels on each side of the little bay. Myriads of stars looked down from a cloudless sky, while like the lanterns of dancing wood fairies, the fireflies flitted about on the shore.

"It's about time for one of Louis' yarns," suddenly broke in Allie from the midst of a dense cloud of tobacco smoke, and with one accord we seconded the proposal. After the usual excuses proper on such an occasion, and the important duty of reloading his pipe, Louis began:

"It was the middle of October, 1890, that I put in the two weeks hunting with 'Old Sam' Craig, at Cranberry Lake, N.B.

"Sam is quite a character,—lives by what he can shoot or trap. A queer old cuss he is, dried and wrinkled like an apple that's hung on the tree all winter, but as active and sharp as a fox. The woods are an open book to him.

"Partridge were plentiful that fall, and one morning, taking Sport and Dash, our two bird-dogs, we set out on a good day's hunt. We tramped around till nearly noon with fair luck, killing five brace, and were just thinking about lunch when the dog started something big on a swale just ahead of us.

"'What in th' Old Harry hev ther' pups struck now?' exclaimed Sam, cocking his gun, and breaking into a trot. I followed, and we soon reached the place.

"The dogs were whining and yelping around a tall dead stub standing alone in 'a clump of huge hemlocks. Every hair on their bodies was standing on end with excitement. They evidently were undecided whether to follow something into the woods or remain with us.

"The old man who had been carefully examining the ground, laconically remarked, 'Bar! He war arter honey! See that hole up yonder?'

"I looked, and sure enough, about half-way up the trunk of the old tree, an opening was visible through which large numbers of bees were coming and going.

"'Got to hev some o' that honey,' said Sam, wagging his head in a thoughtful manner. Then light seemed to break in upon him, and with a chuckle he turned and started in the direction of the camp.

"Rather perplexed, I called the dogs and followed. I knew the old fellow well enough to be sure some scheme was on foot, but what it was I could not make out. No grass grew under Sam's feet, I tell you, boys, and when the camp was in sight one of the party was puffed—and it wasn't him. In a few minutes my partner had found a long rope, which he carefully coiled, and slinging it over his shoulder, picked up a sharp axe and the camp water-pail. "Come on," he said, 'Durn my skin if I don't show you the biggest circus ever you seed.' Then laughing heartily to himself, he struck the back trail. Before leaving, however, he carefully locked the dogs in the shanty.

"All the way back, I tried to find out what the joke was, but my efforts were of no avail.

"When we reached the bees' nest, Sam cut a large block of wood from a maple near by. I suppose the block would be three feet long by a foot in diameter, at one end he cut a groove, and attached the rope securely. This done, he climbed a tree growing beside the stub, taking the free end of the rope with him. Sitting on a limb he could easily reach a branch of the tree containing the honey, and directly above the opening about fifteen feet further up. Over this he threw the rope, and drawing up the heavy log till it hung directly over the entrance to the hive, he fastened it firmly, much to the disgust of the bees. Then down he came.

"I had been a silent and most astonished spectator of all the proceedings. For the life of me I couldn't see what the object was.

"'Now, young feller, we'll cache,' said Sam, 'an' if I ain't mistaken you'll see Mister Bar back afore long. Ef he comes there'll be a side show an' he'll be ther clown.'

"I couldn't understand how that arrangement of



his was going to make a bear act the clown, but I obediently followed him, and together we lay down in a clump of underbrush within gunshot of the stub.

"You see," began the old hunter, after we were snugly placed, "a bar's mortal fond of honey; he'll dar most anythin' to get some. Now this feller hain't been scared much, and he will be back afore long."

"Then we'll get a shot at him?" I hopefully enquired.

"Sure!" he answered.

For an hour we lay quietly hidden. Sam wouldn't talk nor let me, but lay like part of the ground watching in all directions. Suddenly a sharp His-s-s-st! startled me.

"See him? Thar he comes!"

Sure enough. A big black bear was ambling very deliberately in the direction of the stub. After a cautious look around, and a sniff or two at the air, he began slowly to ascend, hugging the trunk with his strong forepaws. He soon reached a limb just below the opening, and totally disregarding the angry bees, squatted himself upon it, and proceeded to investigate.

The hanging log seemed to perplex him. He smelt it carefully, cocked his head on one side and thought it over. Then he gently pushed it away and stuck his nose into the hole. The block swung back and tapped him gently over the eye. This startled him, and he looked carefully around to see what struck him.

Turning my head, I saw Sam fairly suffocated with suppressed laughter.

After sitting for a moment, in thought no doubt, Bruin gave the log a decided push, and began to tear open the tree with his sharp claws. Back swung the log, and this time dealt him a hard blow on the nose. My, wasn't he mad! He growled and snarled, fairly danced up and down on the limb. Then he noticed the log swinging backwards and forwards in front of the hole. It seemed to suddenly dawn on him. 'You would, would you,' thought he, and gave the enemy a vigorous swipe with his paw, making it swing away out. For his pains he got a tap behind the ear that almost knocked him off the perch.

"By this time Sam and I were doubled up with laughter. That bear did look funny. He, by this time, had lost his temper completely, and fairly roared with rage. It was a regular sparring match. The harder he would strike, the harder the log would strike back.

"At last the log got the best of it, and hitting its opponent fair on the nose, toppled him off the limb.

Down he came with a resounding thump, and before he could recover, we had our guns ready, and finished him with a couple of well directed bullets.

"It makes me laugh every time I think of that bear and the log. The only wonder is that we didn't miss him altogether, we were so convulsed with laughter.

"Before skinning the bear, we smoked out the bees, and with a little chopping secured a pailful of fine clear honey."

"Well, that's a good one," remarked Allie as Louis finished; "and I guess we'd better go to bed before Billie gets started."

In half an hour all was still, save the nasal melody of Allie, and the sigh of the rising wind among the pines.

W. B. M.

### YE PASSYNGE OF DYCKE.

"Myne luve sche hath flawin  
Till reggiounes unknowin,  
Alongge wyth ye manne yn ye fleyinge maschine."  
OLD BALLAD.

Yow haf herde yn tymis paste, gentil reider, hou Tomme didde growe ta be ane gret manne, bot Herrye didde gange til ye badde, and nou yow schal heir of ye strainge fait of thair camrade Dycke.

Yn ye reccordis of ye aforsayde auncient citee manne fyndeth none relacioun of quhat didde byfal Dycke, nor yette yn ye reccordis of ye aforsayde Colledge, bot ane Machattma, or manne of seconde sichte, didde maik knawin til ye riter of thais faythefull taylis ye mainer quhairbye Dycke didde passe outwyth ye kenne of hys fellowemenne. Quhen thairfor Dycke didde fayle for ta gayne ye Mairheide Pryse, he didde saye til hymselfe, "Verilie methynketh yt behoveath me ta lat Laitin abee," and forthwyth he betakketh hymselfe til ye Halle of Sceyence the quhilk ys that pairt of ane auncient Colledge quhairyn menne maye lairn ta maik dyvers maschinis and engynis, and lykwys ta lairn ye curous wyrkyngis of Naitur. Sa Dycke gettyth hymselfe alang ful wel, and passyth al hys examinaciouns for ye degrie of Baccalour of Sceyence, barrynge anlie ye examins yn ye Maithematick and ye Phylosophye of Naitur.

Sa he gangis til ye examin yn ye Maithematick, and wyth hym ane score and fyve ither youthis of gude pairtis.

Nou ye examin was ful harde and styffe bot Dycke was ful of hoppe yn hys hert and thocht that hymselfe wolds passe. Bot quhan the daye came for ye youthis ta be tauld quha hadde passit, behauld yt was mayde knawin that anlie twa youthis hadde passit, of quham ane was Walschmanne and tither was ane Jappanie. Sa Dycke was caste down yn hys hert, and didde saye, "Behauld ane prophit hath none honoure yn hys awin countrie. Gyf sa be I



canne lieve thys vail of sorrowes, I schal dow sa richt hertylie."

Nou yt sa byfel that at that tyme menne of Sceyence hadde faund out ane gasse yn ye ayre, the quhilk they hadde byfor passit bye unbeknawin, and they didde clepe ye sayde gasse argonne. Nou Dycke didde saye ta hymselfe, gyf sa be that menne of sceyence have passit bye thys gasse, yt ys nawyse onpossible they may haf passit bye itheris lykwys. Sa he settys hymselfe ta wyrk harde at ye ayre, and behauld he gettyth yhm from ye ayre ane ither gasse, ye quhilk he didde clepe jargonne. Nou argonne hadde bene ane ful wechtie gasse, bot Dycke was gled at hert quhan that he didde fynd that hys awin gasse, or jargonne, was ful licht, lichter than anie gasse that hadde yette bene fand bai menne of sceyence, yea sa exceedynge licht that yt was lichter nor nothyng. Sa Dycke didde rejoyce ful moche for that he didde persave that quhairas menne of olden tyme hadde of needcessitye bene keppit on ye airth, hymselfe wolds be aible ta gang thorough spaice, the quhilk ys ye grait plaice outwyth ye airth quhairyn ys nana ayre nor gasse quhairyn ye boddis of ye heavnis doth move. Sa Dycke doth mak for hymselfe ane gret baloune and didde fylle ye saim wyth jargonne, and didde prepair for ta gang furth from ye airth intil spaice.

Nou ane alde wyf of Fraunce hadde diet and leivit ane gret somme of monie for hym quha schuld ferst mak connexioun with ye starre of Maurs. Sa Dycke gettyth intil hys baloune provesioun of ayre and foude for ye journie, and manie curous instrumentis of sceyence, and doth sette furth upon hys parlous taske. Nou hys baloune didde flie ful faste intil ye ayre, and ere manie secondis he was outwyth ye atmosphair of ye airth and intil spaice. Bot quhen he didde gette hymselfe thair, behauld hys beloune didde gang nowe thys weye nowe that weye, yn sic wyse that Dycke was wilderit in hys mynde. Bot he bethynketh hymselfe ta dunch ye baloune wyth hys fyste, and lo he fyndeth yt wol gang quhairsaever he duncheth yt. Sa he dunched tyme upon tyme yn ye weye leadynge til Maurs, til he commeth at laste intil ye atmosphair of Maurs, and hys baloune wolde nat gang doune, sa he lettyth out hys jargonne, lytil bai lytil, and ere moche tyme he gettyth hymselfe doune.

And lo, ane gret companie of curous peipil didde stand thair gaizynge at hym, and I wolde fayne telle of quhat forme they wer, bot ye manne of seconde sichte seys that yt ys not lawfulle for menne of airth ta knaw, and he wol nat telle of quhat kynde they wer, quhairfor, methynketh ful moche that hymselfe dothe nat know. Housamevir they didde gaize harde at Dycke, bot nat ane of thaim didde speke, for yn that starre menne hathe nat neide for ta speke,

for thair thochtis dothe passe of thaimselfs. Sa Dycke didde feel their thochtis come ta hym, and their thochtis didde signifie, "Lo we haf neide of ane clevarre manne for ta dow manie thyngis for us and for ta be oure heide." And Dycke's thocht didde gange til thaim that he wolde be ful gled ta be thair heide, and that he was lykwys ful thenkfull that yt and he didde manie wondrous thyngis for thaim, for behoavit him not ta be eatit alyve. Sa Dycke was mayde thair kynge and thay didde luv hym moche, he didde schaw thaim hou to maik gret canallis and ta maik schippis for ta sayle on ye saim, and manie ither thyngis quhilk tyme wolde fayle ta relait.

Bot it sa byfel that yn ye aforsayde starre menne didde not eate meikle foude, bot wer satisfait wyth anelytil pycke of ane curous herbe ane tyme yn ilk daye. Sa that albeit Dycke was ful happye yn that starre, and albeit that pycke of ye aforsayde herbe didde suffyse for ta kepe hym alyve, yette hys stamack didde yerne sair for mor bodilye foude, and he didde seye ta hymselfe that for ane bowle of parridge or ane pye ane jinjre bere he wolde forgang al hys power with richte gude wylle.

And he bethynketh hymselfe lykwys of ye gret somme of monye in Fraunce, quhilk he mought nowe mak hys awin, sa he settyth ta wyrk ance mor, and til hys gret joye he can mak jargonne lykwys from yeayre of Maurs. Sa he gettyth hys baloune fyllit ance more with jargonne, and he takketh wyth hym thrie of ye heide menne of Maurs and leiveth ye peipil of ye aforsayde starre yn gret sorrowe, bot latteth thaim knaw that he wolde visite thaim agayne ere manie yeiris hadde gane bye. Sa ye baloune flyeth up ful faste ontill ye didde gette outwyth ye ayre of Maurs, and Dycke didde dunch the baloune as afortyme, and yt gangeth ful richt for ane lytil tyme, bot at ye laste yt started for ta gang ane weye for ytselve, and Dycke and ye thrie menne of Maurs colde not stoppe ye saim, for that ye menne wer ower wechtie for ye jargonne yn ye baloune. Sa Dycke didde persave that he had done wrang yn that he hadde takken wyth hym ye thrie menne, and he didde thynk, "Lo, I maun shye thais menne outwyth ye baloune, or we schal al perisch." Bot thay didde percaive hys thoughts, and didde holde on fyrm.

Sa ye baloune didde hauld yts weye, and thair fower menne haf nat yette reichit thys airth, and ye manne of seconde sichts sayth thay be even nowe birylynge thorough spaice, and he knaweth nat gyf they schal be swallowit bai ye sonne or ither gret feyre or schal yette reich ye airth and maik al peipil ta wonder. So Dycke hath nat yette gotten hym hys parridge, nor yette ye somme of monie for gangynge til Maurs, and yt meye be he nevarre schal.

YE MORALE.—Be nat ower hastylye caste doune



bai adverse examinaciouns, for manie of ye saim ar  
yn storre ere manie dayis be gane. Lykwys be nat  
ower greedye for pyes nor for jinjre bere.

And lastyle, plaice nat yower truste yn jargonne  
ye gasse quhilk ys lichter nor nothyng, or at ye ende  
yow schal lose yower heide even as didde pore Dycke.

C. W. T.

(In *Glasgow University Magazine*.)

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## POETRY.

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### AN IMAGE OF A LIFE.

Methought that on a narrow isle I stood  
Ten thousand leagues afar in solitude.

Before, behind foreshortened : strange it was  
The islet seemed an image of a life.

Lost scenes came crowding back, unfinished deeds ;  
Dear faces long from human vision veiled,  
Their pleading wants anew displayed. Gaunt forms  
Reproachful threw athwart my way the "yellow leaf" ;  
Mute-visaged sages, I beheld ; in grief,  
Recalling all those days when life was young,  
And friendship true, and Love's caresses strong.

I heard again Time's call to guide in truth  
The wayward steps of restless erring youth.

Anew there came the oft-repeated call,  
To lead in "wisdom's ways" the steps of all :—  
Dear happy dreams of hope and fond endeavor  
That, unimproved, had slipt away forever.

Backward I glanced and saw the gathering gloom  
Of sable night, oblivion's horrid noon ;  
Next forward turned my eager, anxious eyes  
On waste and quick-dissolving joys, and lo  
A rising, rolling tide before me strives,  
The sands of life in liquid disappearing ;  
And I, the fatal vale of Death a-nearing—  
On every hand thick darkness deepened round,  
While storm-clouds thundered, belched and frowned.

Opaque, the grey o'ercast translucent day ;  
And shrouded sad, the sun 'neath strangest ray  
Went down. But grief, too sore, that vengeful e'en,  
Malignant struck and cleft my heart in twain.

Night passed : the sun shines fair and the sky is clear,  
My soul's in the highlands : He answereth prayer.

BANNELL SAWYER,  
Law, '94.

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## SOCIETIES.

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### UNDERGRADUATES LITERARY SOCIETY.

At the meeting of this Society held on Friday evening, Jan. 10th, Mr. McMaster made the motion, of which notice was given before the Christmas holidays. Mr. Saxe and Mr. Russel, of Arts '97, sup-

ported Mr. McMaster. The chief arguments in favor of the motion seemed to be those relating to the social engagements of those students whose home is Montreal. It was also pointed out that the various theological colleges have debating societies, all of which meet on Friday evening. The motion carried, "Resolved, that clergymen should take an active part in politics," was the subject advertized for debate. Messrs. Ives, Rowat and E. M. Campbell supported the resolution, while Messrs. Russel and Worth spoke against it. Four of these speakers were substitutes, and of these Messrs. Ives and Worth appeared before the Society for the first time. The speeches of both were carefully prepared and well delivered. The resolution was lost on a division of 8 to 12.

The balance of the programme consisted of two readings, the "Revenge," and a poem on Robert Burns. These pieces were read by Mr. McMaster and McLeod.

Mr. Archibald, of Arts '97, acted as critic. He condemned that preparation (?) for debate which consists simply in seeking to pick flaws in the arguments of one's opponents. But in listening to the able speech of Mr. Worth, he exclaimed, "a Daniel, a very Daniel."

SCRIBUS JUNIOR.

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### DELTA SIGMA SOCIETY.

On Thursday, the 16th, instead of holding a regular meeting, the members of this Society attended an "At Home" given in the Museum by the Alumnae Society to the women-students (undergraduate and partial) and to the wives of the Professors and Governors of the University.

At least once a year we meet in a social way with our graduated sisters, and feel the inspiration that comes from those who have passed through our experience and have used it for noble ends. As the history of the Alumnae Society, its aims and efforts, was given by Miss Derick in a much enjoyed address, we realized that its members have shown us that college days may fit women for the best work in life—that of helping others. We honor their example and look forward to the time when we shall join in their labors.

From McGill women in Montreal we turned to a broader field ; for, in a most interesting and helpful address, Dr. Peterson spoke of the efforts put forth by women for the needy in London and other large cities. Our new Principal has greatly honored us by delivering this address in the first year of his Principalship, and we warmly appreciate the kindness of the Alumnae in asking us to share with them the pleasure of hearing it.



After these addresses we spent some time in talking with our friends and "refreshing" ourselves before leaving the scene of this happy reunion.

### VETERINARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION.

A regular meeting of the Association was held in the Library, on Dec. 19, the honorary president, Dr. D. McEachran, occupying the chair. Roll call showed a smaller attendance than usual, several of the members having gone home for the holidays.

Minutes of previous meeting were read and approved, and reports of committees received.

Mr. C. H. Higgins requested that the secretary be instructed to communicate with the Bureau of Animal Industry at Washington, D.C., with a view of adding the valuable reports of the department to the Library.

Mr. J. Anderson Ness reported, on behalf of the '96 Journal Club, some interesting experiments with barium chloride as a therapeutic agent in the treatment of Enteralgia in the horse. Mr. Fred. W. Kee presented a carefully prepared paper on Actinomycosis Bovis, with special reference to the pathology of the disease.

A spirited discussion followed, in which the essayist ably defended his remarks. Dr. Adami favored the meeting with a description of the disease as manifested in man, and Dr. McEachran spoke at length on the disease as it appears in range cattle in the North-West. Mr. E. H. Morris furnished a most interesting report on a case of Ligation of the Carotid in a colt, which was followed by a complete recovery, circulation being effected by means of collateral arteries.

Meeting then adjourned.

H. D.

### SOCIETY FOR THE STUDY OF COMPARATIVE PSYCHOLOGY.

The Society met in the Library on Monday evening, Jan. 13, with the president, Dr. Mills, in the chair.

Minutes of previous meeting were read and adopted, and business of a general nature having been transacted, Mr. John Greer was called upon for a paper on "Instinct." This was described as "the active principle of the mind which is effectively devoted to the attention to necessary wants, or to the gratification of some sensual enjoyment."

The development of instincts, the lapsing, and, in certain cases, final disappearance of, were treated at length, as was also the relation of instinct to reflex action.

Mr. C. H. Higgins presented a paper on "The Sense of Touch in the Lower Animals."

The rudimentary organs occurring in lower orders of animals for the transference of tactile sensations were described in a concise manner, and the utility to the organism of these sense organs were elaborated on by the essayist.

Owing to the lateness of the hour, the discussions were somewhat limited, and after closing remarks by the president, the meeting adjourned.

H. D.

Y. M. C. A.

The meetings of the Association for the spring term were resumed on Sunday afternoon, Jan. 12th, at three o'clock. Mr. H. M. Tory continued the studies on the "Life of Christ." There was a good representation of students present. The meetings will be continued at the same hour every Sunday afternoon throughout the session, and every student is invited. Programmes of the meetings have been printed, and may be had by calling at the secretary's office.

The Faculty Bible classes have also resumed, and will meet weekly as formerly.

Attention is called to the meetings on Tuesday and Thursday mornings at 8.30, for prayer on behalf of the Association and its work, and the hope is expressed that these meetings may be patronized by a larger number of the men.

Y. W. C. A.

Miss Holden, our leader, on Friday, January 10th, directed our thoughts to the "Promise for the New Year."

The promises of renewal of strength and peace in our hearts were conditioned on the fulfilment of our duties, which may be divided into two kinds, viz., those in the spirit and those in the flesh. Miss Holden showed how our lives might be productive of good to ourselves and to others.

### AFFILIATED COLLEGES.

#### INTERCOLLEGIATE DEBATE.

The Annual Inter-Collegiate Debate was held on Friday evening, January 10th, in the David Morrice Hall; Dr. Barclay in the chair.

A chorus, sung by the students of the Wesleyan



College, opened the evening's proceedings. The Rev. Dr. Barclay then expressed his pleasure at being asked to preside over the meeting, especially as it was one in which the young men of our different colleges were to take part in friendly debate.

The debate was as follows: "Resolved, That Legislation is more effective than moral suasion in uplifting the masses."

Mr. Frank J. Day, B.A., of the Congregational College, and Mr. A. J. Belton, of the Wesleyan, supported the affirmative. Mr. T. A. Sadler, B.A., of the Presbyterian College, and Mr. W. W. Craig, B.A. of the Diocesan, maintained the negative.

Mr. Day, in opening the debate, stated the position taken by the affirmative. He noticed first the place that law has in the development of human character, as illustrated in parents' care in the education and governing of their children, and from this he made an analogy, to the effect that the masses are in their childhood, therefore Legislation affords a simple and far-reaching way of teaching them.

In the second place, he dealt with the actual results accomplished by Legislation, the removal of hindrances to the advancement of women and children who labor in factories and workshops in England and elsewhere, and that Legislation has made it possible for these to rise. Then that Legislation has done a great deal for the masses in that it makes education compulsory. He also set forth other measures that have been equally beneficial to the masses.

Mr. Sadler, in support of the negative, showed that the first step in every reform was the creation of sentiment in its favor, and then when the majority were convinced of the usefulness of the change, it became possible to legislate with success. He maintained, therefore, that since moral suasion convinces the majority, it contributes more to bring about reforms than legislation, which merely records their opinions in a statute which restrains the minority. He held that from the failures of the natural and Mosaic laws it was evident that law could not elevate nations when moral suasion was not sufficiently prominent; further, that since laws control outward actions only, they cannot possibly elevate. Referring to the criminal classes, Mr. Sadler showed that the criminally inclined were restrained chiefly by the moral sentiment of the community, and that the machinery of legislation would be useless without moral suasion. He admitted that law restrained actual criminals, but maintained that in doing so it defrauded them. It was shown that on account of the Psychological laws which govern us, it was impossible that the resolution of the debate could be true, but that the reverse must actually be the case. The example of Christ and the results of Christianity were appealed to as settling the matter indisputably.

Mr. A. J. Belton, in support of the affirmative, held that Legislation is the efficient cause, while moral suasion is the instrumental. In support of this, he cited the history of civilization in Japan, England, Greece, Rome and the ancient Hebrews. Secondly, that this was seen in the history of the abolition of slavery and temperance reforms: in the abolition of slavery, because moral suasion could not affect the greed of the slave-owners or the prejudices of the people—it was brought to bear upon Parliament, but was useless till crystalized into legislation. In temperance reforms legislation will be most beneficial, while moral suasion will fail, because of the tyranny of habit which is strengthened in the case of the masses, etc. Mr. Belton, in conclusion, appealed to actual experiences, where he claimed that moral suasion produced few permanent or wide-reaching effects.

Mr. Craig reminded us that the question for solution was essentially a moral one, and maintained that all elevation worthy of the name sprang from the moral nature, and therefore must find its ultimate source in moral suasion. This was evidenced by Science and History. That legislation is only the means to enable the application of moral suasion to the lines of the masses, as is evident from the fact that moral suasion has exerted its influence without it and in spite of it, as is seen by many examples, it is seen in the case of Socrates, Christ, etc. Mr. Craig appealed to the actual results of moral suasion to attest its superiority; and in conclusion, stated "that the supreme wisdom of the Universe has himself condescended to pronounce upon it," and tells us with no uncertain sound that, "If there had been a law given which could have given life, righteousness would have been by the law." A reading was given by Mr. Geo Weir, B.A. Then the judges, Rev. Principals Barbour, Shaw, McVicar and Henderson, decided the debate in favor of the negative.

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## CLASS REPORTS.

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### ARTS NOTES.

#### FOURTH YEAR.

Among the many evidences that April 30th, 1896, is already near at hand, probably the most conclusive, next to counting the intervening days in the calendar, is to see groups of threes and fours looking intently and admiringly at something held very carefully in the hands of some grave senior, which something on investigation invariably turns out to be a "proof" direct from the studio of the photographic artist Notman.



But, strange to say, this interest has not yet extended to the whole class, as a small portion still "pursue the even tenor of their way," possibly they are postponing their visit to 14 Phillips Square until they are reasonably certain that April will not find them "weighed in the balances and found wanting."

A young gentleman, who reads everything with the eye of a *philosopher*, has culled the following bit of female introspection from the pages of the *Harvard Lampoon* :—

"I love to flirt with the college boys  
Because they are so nice;  
And when they kiss me once, I know  
They are going to kiss me twice."

A familiar episode in ..... .

Miss M—"Oh! Mr. M— could you let me have .....?"

Mr. M—"Yes; Mr. P— has it, but it doesn't matter! I'll get it for you immediately. Mr. P.—, Miss M— has just been asking for—; are you done with it?"

Mr. P—"Oh! ah-hem, certainly! Charmed, I'm sure."

Mr. M— retires with..... Mr. P— puts on his hat and leaves the room.

The above fragment has recently been handed to the reporter for publication.

Possibly some of our readers can fill in enough of the missing links to make it intelligible, but it seems doubtful, and it may be that it is wholly outside of our sphere, so we submit it without any attempt at interpretation, except to suggest that if it is the FORTNIGHTLY which is so much in demand, applications might be made at the Business Manager with more satisfactory results.

### THIRD YEAR.

On Thursday, January 9th, Arts '97 held a meeting to consider the immediate organization of the Annual Arts Tramp.

Mr. Ives proposed an innovation, which did credit to his genius, but he was not seconded.

It was decided by a large vote to hold the Tramp as soon as possible, and to elect two committees of two each to see about it.

It is almost needless to state that when the president announced nominations in order for two men who knew all about dinners, drinks and eatables, etc., Messrs. Macfarlane and Browne were immediately elected unanimously.

Messrs. Howard, Ker, Campbell, Saxe and McMaster were nominated for the programme committee. The last two withdrew their names, and the first two were elected.

On sending in this report we may say that with such committees the Tramp is sure to be an unprecedented success. On reading this paper we hope all Artsmen will be able to say that it WAS so.

Lord Salisbury will doubtless be glad to hear that Mr. McM— and a few others quite agree with the course he has taken in the Venezuelan affair.

Chinese are queer ducks; they can't even make mistakes like every day people.

The late Te To Tum of Aylmer street died from a *flu* quite unlike the ordinary Bistoma Nepatica.

Mechanics are changing to Ethics—Here's the latest:—"A vicious body is one who will yield to any influence, though it may be a long time."

Mr. S. G. Archibald, '97, has been elected speaker for Arts at the University Banquet.

We are sure that he's all right, and will nobly uphold the honor of Arts.

All students having social ties in Montreal have to thank Mr. McMaster for the efforts which he has made to have the meetings of the Literary changed from Friday to Saturday evenings—efforts which have been crowned with success. We hope that '97 will show their appreciation of Mr. McMaster's efforts by their regular attendance at the Society.

### SECOND YEAR.

On the night of Dec. 18th, 1895, exams were over, and 25 Sophomores gathered at the College gate, where the "Prince of Wales" was waiting to take them away from the scene of the late combat, away from the stuffy hall, away to a quiet nook beyond the mountain. Of course before leaving the lights of the city behind, it was necessary to inform the passers-by on St. Catherine St. that "McGill is all right," and that '98 is her best son. Then as the sleigh sped on through the keen, frosty air, the echoes of our songs were carried back on the night wind to the city far below us. At the Club House there was a spirited game of basket ball, which was so hotly contested that neither side scored, and Mr. Grace took pity on the Year, and blew us off until we were cool. The excitement increased on the drive back, and when Mr. Duff had been bounced till he turned over, we did justice to the ample supper he had provided at his home. The talent of '98 was then called upon, and more than proved equal to the emergency. Mr. Bishop upon the violin, Messrs. Costigan and McGregor upon the piano, Mr. Stephens in some Welsh songs were much appreciated, and it was a "wee sma hour" when the boys separated.



*Student* (translating ὀλένη arm).—"And his legs are bound fast."

*Professor*.—"Really, Mr. D, he must have been walking on his hands."

La Fontaine's latest and as yet unpublished fable. The plot.

1. Passage way lined with wolves.
  2. Lambs appear and huddle together.
  3. Occasion requires and finds a heroine.
- The door is closed in the faces of the wolves.
4. Lost lamb appears.
  5. Wanderings of the lost.
  6. Restoration of lamb to the fold—great rejoicing.

Copyrighted Jan. 11th, 1896.

#### FIRST YEAR.

The Year held its first Hockey practice on Monday, January 13th; it was not altogether a success, as not enough fellows turned out. The Christmas results have a good deal to do with this, but it is hoped that a larger number will be on hand next time.

We have been looking forward to the recommencement of the illustrated work in Literature, as it was greatly enjoyed by the students.

"A little learning is a dangerous thing."

We all agree with Pope here; especially is it so at Exam. time, and when the papers are such papers.

We regret that so many of our fellow-students are now mourning the loss of more or less plumage.

#### SCIENCE NOTES.

We are pleased to see the whole of '96 returned for the final term. We wish all well.

The Miners of Sc. '96 feel a deep sense of satisfaction regarding the Mineralogy Examination, although the results will not be posted until next April.

The Faculty of Applied Science and the Students of Mining are to be congratulated for having obtained in Mr. Hardman such an able and enthusiastic successor to Prof. Carlyle.

Mr. Hardman is a man of vast practical mining experience, having seen active service in many parts of the United States and Canada, which, combined with a thorough theoretical knowledge of all subjects bearing on the Profession of Mining Engineering, gives him a place as an expert equalled by few, and also places him in the top rank of those qualified to instruct students.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Hardman will enjoy his connections with McGill, and that his students will do him justice in the approaching examinations and the practical work to follow thereafter.

At a recent meeting of the Applied Science Graduates Society of McGill University, Mr. St. George Boswell delivered an interesting address on "The Engineer of to-day." He outlined the extensive enterprises for the transportation of food products from the interior of our continent to the seaboard, which the engineer was called upon to direct, design, and operate, and drew attention to the multifarious branches of the profession of Civil Engineering, civil being used in its broad sense as opposite to military engineering, such as mechanical hydraulic railway, sanitary, electrical, mining, etc., and showed that all these are branches of civil engineering, and not separate fields, by the way, in which they overlap each other. He spoke of the integrity of an engineer, and pointed out the besetting dangers of politically and financially interested surroundings, warning his hearers to keep their vision clear and their hearts true to a high ideal, looking on themselves always as arbitrators and judges, not as interested parties.

We were glad the Mining Students took such an interest in the meetings of the Quebec Mining Association, held in the Windsor Hotel, January 8th, 9th and 10th, when numerous and valuable papers on Mining subjects were read and discussed.

Three papers by McGill students were read in competition for the prizes offered by the Association:

1. R. Green, Sc. '97, Capleton Copper Mines.
2. W. Morton Webb, Sc. '96, The Petroleum Industry.
3. Geo. Hillary, Sc. '97, Aluminium.

After the reading of the papers Thursday evening, the meeting assumed a social character, when many interesting recitations and songs were heard, and where Radnor water? and cigars were dispensed "Free."

It is needless to add the student attendance was large.



At a meeting of Sc. '96, Thursday, H. M. Jaquays, B.A., was elected valedictorian.

Wm. McDougall, Sc. '96, was elected to reply to the toast to the Science Faculty at the University Dinner.

It is to be hoped that '96 will give the dinner their hearty support.

#### REWARD.

A reward of FIVE CENTS will be paid for the return of the GOAT carried off from MAC'S room. If not returned in ten days time a warrant will be issued for the arrest of the PAT who stole said goat.

The editor has had a number of good personal jokes sent in, but as he has been threatened with severe bodily chastisement to be inflicted in case these jokes appear in print, they have been withheld. Anyone can hear them by applying to the editor.

We are delighted to welcome both John Featherstone, B.A.Sc., and Wm. Asquith, B.A. Sc., to our midst again, after having spent some time in British Columbia in practical work.

#### THIRD YEAR NOTES.

At Year Meeting.—*Voices*.—"Let us have the minutes."

*The President*.—"Yes, you will have to wait for a few minutes."

Robbing Peter to pay Paul. "When Pete paid his subscription to the secretary of the Year at Theory of Structures.

*N.*—"What's the matter in that front seat?"

*P.*—"Oh, B—y's awake."

*Boorish Freshman*.—"Would you advise me to take Mining?"

*Disgusted Junior*.—"Yes, get a diamond drill and go to "Halifax."

*Prof.*—"Let us now return to our hollow spheres." Did he mean that he would have to explain the whole thing over again to the Mechanicals and Electricals?

Again the Angel of Death has made a break in our ranks. This time, the Year mourns the loss of Mr. L. R. Kennedy, who went home for the holidays in good health, but was taken suddenly ill, and died on the 9th instant. Those of us who knew Mr. Kennedy best found in him a generous, manly comrade, and his loss is deeply felt. His class-mates extend their sincere sympathy to his bereaved parents and friends.

We are glad to learn that Jas. Mackie, who has been laid up for the last seven weeks, first with pleurisy, and then with congestion of the lungs, is now convalescent, and has gone home for a short holiday, before taking up his class work again. We hope to see him back well and strong about February 1st.

Apply to N—w—e or M—L—d for a lecture on the action of H. Cl. on steel, particularly on edged tools.

Who began the New Year by being unable to find his seat in the Physics lecture room?

On Jan. 6th, at Prof. N's lecture, our attention was drawn to a formula that is not only useful for *examination* purposes but also in *practice*.

Mr. M—c—n is at present instructing the Third Year in "flin."

Why does S—s take a back seat on Tuesday afternoons?

In a lecture in the Testing Laboratory, one of our number has learned that hemlock can sustain a load of over 20,000 lbs. And another that the traditional 9-12 lecture has given way to the present four hour demonstration.

The "club" is "a good thing," boys; "push it along."

*Prof.*—"Here at the highest point we have '97;"—and then, hearing signs of approval—"see that you all get there." Moral.—Don't get plucked.

*Note*.—Our next number will contain an article entitled:—"The Art of Passing Examinations, or Hints for the Thick-headed." Watch for it.



If the heating effect  $\times C_2R$ , what kept the temperature of the Magnetic laboratory so near the freezing point?

*Prof.*—"The deflection is  $42^\circ$ . The next deflection should be twice this (throws switch over). Please read the deflection, Mr. H—."

*Mr. H.*—(assistant). "Yes sir,  $84.^\circ$ "

Then we smiled.

R—ss answered: "Here, sir," and the professor did not faint.

### COMPARATIVE MEDICINE CLASS REPORTS.

On Christmas Day the students remaining in town for the holidays were entertained at dinner by Prof. Chas. McEachran at his residence.

About twenty students partook of the bountiful repast, and after the wants of the inner man had been appeased,—and who can divine them better than the Doctor?—impromptu speeches were in order, the intervals being filled by musical selections.

A most enjoyable time was spent, and the men left, voting Dr. McEachran a prince of hosts and a "jolly good fellow."

Dr. and Mrs. D. McEachran gave a reception to the students on New Year's Eve, the entertainment provided being of the most pleasant character.

The students highly appreciate the interest taken by professors in their social welfare, and these minglings together are, further, a means of bringing the teaching staff and students into closer thought and feeling.

Considerable dissatisfaction exists among some of the students over the result of the recent supplemental examinations in chemistry. Probably with an obligatory course in practical chemistry the result would have been different, and it is earnestly hoped that such a course will, in the near future, be added to the curriculum.

The prospect of a University Club is hailed with delight by the majority of the students of the Faculty, and judging from the interest taken in the organization, its success is assured.

The "only Jimmy," wearing a happy smile, announces his engagement, but refuses to disclose the name of his ladyie faire. We extend our congratulations.

How about the work we promised ourselves to do during the holidays? Verily, as the bard of Scotia sings:

"The best laid plans of mice and men  
Going oft alee."

"Kit" rises to enquire if by making a longitudinal incision in a dog's tongue we could produce creases in his pants.

Scene: The Dean's Reception.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Final Year (?) Student—

Miss C—

*F.Y.S. (loco).*—"Why, what a pretty girl your sister is, Miss C.—. You don't look the least bit alike."

### SECOND YEAR.

The members of the "Grind Class" in Chemistry met for the last grind of the Fall Term on Dec. 18th. At the close of the class the President of the Year presented Dr. Campbell with a handsome walking stick, as a slight token of the valuable services rendered by him during the term.

We would like to know what has become of those enthusiastic Demonstrators in Anatomy. Have they lost all interest in their positions, or is the press of work from other quarters too great to permit of their attending in the Dissecting Room?

Scene.—The Pharmacy, a client has just called for a "physic ball" for his horse.

*F—r.*—"I just gave Mr. — a physic ball."

*Professor*—"Is that so? Did you give it to him or his horse?"

*F—r.*—"No, sir; I gave it to the horse."

### FEATHERS FROM THE EAST WING.

"There is a time for all things." A time to close desks and note-books and a time to open them again; a time to sleep the clock around and a time to burn the midnight oil; a time to dance and sing and a time to sit long and silently at our books. In short, there is holiday time and also the time to climb Parnassus. We soon tire of either if too long, and for this reason we are glad to be back in college halls once more. Again we begin to report our doings and sayings in the East Wing. Our notes



and comments may often be feeble, and our jokes (?) scarce provoke a smile, but think of the difficulties under which we labor! A class-report is frequently this verbal one: "Nothing ever happens with us; we are all too busy to make jokes, and of course the members of *our* class don't make the foolish mistakes dear to the heart of the reporter." But let it go no further, class-reporters. The public must never think this is really the case with us. Use your imagination if need be, and so skilfully mingle fact and fiction that the lack of "happenings" and mirth among the Donaldas may never be perceived.

In the long list of good resolutions made by each of us on January 1st, 1896, it is hoped the following are found:—

"To write for every number of the FORTNIGHTLY, and that with wit and elegance."

"To heartily applaud all literary attempts of my class-mates, even though far inferior to my own."

And do not let these suffer the usual fate of New Year resolutions. Break all your others, if it pleases you, but keep these two.

#### FOURTH YEAR.

No report; but probably all surplus energy has been expended lately in preparing the features to "look pleasant, now." In a few weeks this unusual exercise will have ceased, and we may expect to hear from our Seniors again.

#### THIRD YEAR.

We are glad to be able to say that but little study was attempted during the holidays. To be sure some few students took books with them, imagining that somewhere and somehow they would work. By Christmas day this began to appear improbable; and long before New Year's they had, after profound meditation, decided that it was not only unwise but positively wrong to study during holidays.

As far as class work of this week is concerned, there seems nothing to report. And perhaps it would be well to begin the year by putting, in the form of a resolution, the maxim: "When you have nothing to say, say it."

#### SECOND YEAR.

We should have thought it quite impossible that any sober-minded person could go astray between the Latin class-room and the passage leading into the Donaldas quarters. But this really happened last week, and perhaps we can understand the phenome-

non if we remember that the individual emerging from the class room, with a head swimming with "constructions," suddenly found herself in the midst of many strange faces, and the door leading to safe precincts shut by those who had forgotten their class-mate.

It is said that Honor Mathematics and Somnia recently formed a most peaceful combination. What an inducement to take that course, if we were sure this might be a permanent union!

*Herr Professor.*—"Verstehen sie, meine Damen?"  
*Sophomore* (brightly).—"Oui, monsieur."

#### FIRST YEAR.

Why is it that the Students from the Lower Provinces usually do better than those from the Upper Provinces? A light in a valley will burn brighter than it would on top of a mountain; this also may apply to the intellectual lights.

When a litre of gas expands, it becomes a "lighter."

*Professor.*—"Whose edition are you reading?"  
*Donalds.*—"Oh—er—er Kelley's."

#### MEDICAL NOTES.

It is a shame that more of the Medical students are not patronizing the Club. It is centrally located the accommodations are excellent, and the meals are superior to any given in the city at the same price.

Mrs. Clarke Murray deserves the thanks and support of the whole College at large.

We hope that before the end of January the Club will be booming, and it will, if the boys know a good thing when they see it.

#### FOURTH YEAR.

The all-absorbing topic of conversation at present is the Class picture. Rumors of desperate attempts to grow the festive "sidelight" fill the air. Men are frantically coaxing a downy and backward growth of hair to materialize in the upper lip, others cultivate "Limericks," "Galways," "Chinchillas," most assiduously, while the common everyday "whiskerine" satisfies some. Rupie is thinking seriously of producing a "spitash" for the occasion.



It has been discovered that we have a heavy-weight scrapper in the Year. It is rumored that he is going into training for the purpose of challenging the winner of the Maher-Fitzsimmons contest. He wishes it understood that no man shall "take his name in vain," on the penalty of instant annihilation. Why, the other day he was going to wipe up St. Urbain street with poor S——. He is letting his hair and beard grow *à la* Samson. A jawbone was missed from the dissecting room some days ago, so, Beware! Beware!

A student recommends the following sure cure for 'amylaceous *dyspepsia*,"

R Sodii Bicarb.	grs. xi.
Pepsinæ Pural	grs. xxxvii.
M. et ft. in chart	No. xii.

Sig. One powder one half-hour before and after meals.

A post-mortem exam: opening a dead letter.

When does mortification ensue? When you pop the question and get NO! for an answer.

*Doctor*.—"What do you complain of?"

*Patient*.—"A gnawing pain in the stomach,"

*Doc*.—"Have you eaten anything that disagreed with you?"

*Patient*.—"Yes, sir; I swallowed my false teeth."

Be not wise in thine own eyes, O Fourth Year man! for he who knoweth it all getteth the loud, resonant laugh from the Faculty in the spring.

Pleasant words are as honey, sweet to the soul but when thou hearest them from Cook, beware lest he jolly thee.

### THIRD YEAR.

Dr. Colin Campbell, vice-president of '97, is seriously ill at the hospital. He was not well during the first of the term, and became much worse during the

holidays. We hope that he will be able to join our ranks again very soon.

We are glad to see A. A. J. Lang in our midst again.

A large number of the boys were away for the holidays, and all have returned reporting a high old time. The family stocking of some contained almost everything but a Cabinet-portfolio—the "Bytown" bumblebees are even expecting something in that line.

Two of the boys, venturing out after dark, went for a quiet stroll, and met two friendly young ladies. In course of time one introduced his friend as Mr. Duodenum, and in a voice that came from that vicinity said, "My name is Mr. Jejunum." One young lady inquired "Are you Jews?" L— of Pyloric fame answered "No! but we are closely related." They both smiled, and the band played.

*Doctor at Clinic*.—"Who has been down so far?"

*Little Willie*.—"All but the jays, sir."

*Doctor*.—"Have you been down?"

*Little Willie*.—"No, sir." (And he wondered why the boys laughed).

### SECOND YEAR.

The Class were fortunate in being given an opportunity of seeing the dis-articulated man again this year. He seemed to articulate quite as distinctly as ever.

It was noticed that Dr. Scane was not present at the last demonstration in Physiology. It is to be hoped that his absence was not due to any further experiment with those tablets.

The first meeting of the New Year was characterized by both brevity and importance. The "Cook Benefit" was discussed. Messrs. Fox and Bartlett were elected to superintend the ceremony. Special committees, ushers, etc., will be appointed later.



Mr. Mussen will look after the interests of the University Dinner in the name of the Class of '97. Let the Second Year turn out well.

Let there be no more slopes!

### EXCHANGES.

The Christmas number of the *Leucocyte*, published by the students of Detroit College of Medicine, is very handsome, and is a credit to the college.

The groups of the different classes and the portrait of Augus McLean, M.D., are very good. The literary part of the number ranks equally high, and is most interesting to "Medicos." We congratulate the paper on its excellent appearance.

Two numbers of the *University Item* are at hand. It is a bright, newsy paper, essentially in touch with the students. The notes on athletics and class reports are written in a most taking style.

We quote from No. 11 *re* class meetings: "It should be deemed a privilege by all who can spare the time, to attend these meetings, and by calm manner and expression you will not only appear in an excellent light yourself, but will have the following of many others. Bear no malice against anyone who may be unfortunate enough to have a different opinion from you, but, if possible, by logical argument, win him over to your way of thinking, and you will find that such experience will be of inestimable value to you, etc."

With very great delight we have perused Nos. 2 and 3 of the *University Monthly* of the U.N.B.

The paper is published "away down by the sea," and comes to us like a refreshing sea breeze in July, welcomed by all.

"The Making of a Nation," by Prof. C. G. D. Roberts, our well-known Canadian poet and writer, should be read by every Canadian. Full of patriotism, sparkling with poetry and imbued with power, the article, especially at the present crisis, strikes deeply. We quote: "In the eyes of American Statesmen and historians it is the manifest destiny of the United States to occupy the continent. But to us manifest destiny wears quite a different face!"

"It would share all the sacrifices of our fathers, all the blood they have shed in this country's cause. We should be ourselves unworthy of the great people into whose bosom we would be carrying our sordid purposes and craven hearts. The name of Canada

would cease to shine across the continent, and in departing it would bear but a trail of humiliation. That day, I think, will not come while Canada has sons to bear a sword.

"Both the other alternative—Independence and Imperial Federation—come within the range of the probable. Either would seem to be a goal towards which patriotism might consistently strive."

### READABLE PARAGRAPHS.

A long-winded lawyer lately defended a criminal unsuccessfully, and during the trial the judge received the following note: "The prisoner humbly prays that the time occupied by the plea of the counsel for the defence be counted in his sentence."

The late Judge Keogh was "a fellow of infinite jest." When he first went on the circuit as judge of Assizes, he was entertained in state by his bar, and the evening was passed in dignified decorum as grave compliments were exchanged on both sides. The "counsellors" present were made to feel that their old comrade had become a judge. At ten o'clock, to their amazement, he rose, thanked them for their hospitality, made a solemn bow, and retired, leaving them in blank consternation at the complete change. In five minutes a face beaming with fun appeared at the door. "Boys, the judge has retired for the night, but Billy Keogh won't go home until morning." A roar of laughter and applause greeted the return, and the mirth was fast and furious.—*Irish Law Times*.

"Do you mean to challenge the jury?" whispered a lawyer to his Irish client. "Yis, be jabbers! If they don't acquit me, I mean to challenge ivery spalpeen of them. I want you to give 'em all a hint of it too."

### THE NAUGHTY GREEK GIRL.

Miss "Alpha," tho' she led her class  
Was yet a most unlovely lass;  
She had a little sister "Theta,"  
And she would often lang and "Beta,"  
And push, and punch, and pound and pelt her,  
And many a heavy blow she "Delta,"  
So that the kitten e'en would "Mu"  
When Theta's sufferings she "Nu,"



This Alpha was so bad to Theta  
 That every time she chanced to meet her.  
 She looked as tho' she longed to "Eta";  
 And oft against the wall she jammed her,  
 And oft she took a stick and "Lamma"  
 And for the pains and tears she brought her  
 She pitied her not one "Iota."  
 But with a sly and wicked eye  
 Would only say "Oh fiddle 'Phi'."  
 Then "Theta" cried with noisy clamor,  
 And ran and told her grief to "Gamma,"  
 And gamma with a pitying "Psi"  
 Would give the little girl some "Pi,"  
 And say "Now darling musn't Khi."

Two Irish lads of ruddy cheek  
 Were living just across the creek.  
 Their names; "'Omicron" and "'Omega."  
 The one was small, the other bigger.  
 For "Alpha" so demure and "striking,"  
 'Omega took an ardent liking;  
 And "Mike" when first he chanced to meet her  
 Fell deep in love with little "Beta,"  
 And oft at eve the boys would go  
 And on the quiet waters "Rho,"  
 So when the hapless little "Theta"  
 "'Nu" "Alpha" was about to "Beta"  
 She down upon the banks would "Zeta,"  
 And cry aloud, and shout like fun  
 Run "Mike"! run "Micky" 'Omicron.

EXCHANGE.

A New York boarding house mistress indignantly prints the following:—"If the smart young man who changed the letters in our dining room motto so that it reads, 'God bless Our Bone' will settle for what is due me I shall be glad to have him go."

# Pelletier

Organist of St. James Cathedral and Professor of the Piano and Organ

*Monsieur L. E. N. Pratte*  
*Cher Monsieur*

*Les pianos droits de votre fabrique - si j'en juge par celui dont j'ai fait l'acquisition - réunissent toutes les qualités artistiques: timbre limpide, chantant et absolument pur de toutes résonnances harmoniques ou cavernueuses, si fréquentes dans les basses des pianos droits -; Mécanisme facile et tellement élastique qu'il répond à l'attaque la plus énergique comme à la pression la plus délicate, permettant ainsi tout les nuances les plus diverses - Recevez mes félicitations pour ce beau travail*  
*Votre*  
*R. Oct. Pelletier*  
*le 28 Nov. 1893*

## TRANSLATION.

MONTREAL, 28th November, 1893.

MR. L. E. N. PRATTE, Montreal:

DEAR SIR.—The upright pianos of your make—if one may form a judgment from the one I have acquired—possess a combination of all the qualities esteemed by musicians, a liquid and singing quality of tone entirely free from all overtones and rumbling sounds so frequently found in upright pianos, a touch so light and elastic as to answer to the most vigorous attack and the lightest pressure,—in fact, capable of the most varied effects. Allow me to congratulate you on your good work.

Yours, etc.

R. OCT. PELLETIER.

It is only necessary to know the delicate and conscientious artist who has written the above letter to form an idea of the high value of such an opinion. We have a large assortment of PRATTE Pianos, similar to Mr. Pelletier's, as we manufacture only one size and one quality.

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